Some jobs are just too tough for your average fast talkin' hightech gun for hire. Sometimes...to get the job done right...you need someone crazier than a sack'a ferrets. You need Wade Wilson. The Crimson Comedian. The Regeneratin' Degenerate. The Merc with a Mouth...

DEADPOOL

Deadpool is a graduate *(VICTIM)* of the secret super-soldier program, Weapon X. There he was trained to be a living weapon *(EXPERIMENTED ON)* and hailed as the greatest of the program's warriors *(REJECTED AS A FAILURE)*. Now, he's not only one of the world's most dangerous men *(THAT'S TRUE)*, but he's also one of the world's most intelligent *(INSANE)* and attractive bachelors *(ACTUALLY HE'S HIDEOUS)*. So ladies-- *(IF YOU SAW HIS FACE YOU WOULD PROBABLY--)* Hey-- *(--PUKE ALL OVER YOUR--)* Dude. *(WHAT?)* What are you doing? *(WHADDAYA MEAN?)* Tryin' to give a bio here. *(WELL THEN GET YOUR FACTS STRAIGHT.)* It's *OUR* bio, bro! *(...OH...)*

Anyway. I'm a a hero *(MERCENARY)* and I'm out to make *(MONEY)* the world safe. Story. Go.

Dude! *(WHAT?!)* Nothing. Shut up. *(YOU SHUT UP.)*

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G'HEAD, SAY IT. I KNOW WHATCHA THINKIN'.
You know you want to.
IT'S ON THE TIP OF YOUR TONGUE.
A big fat one over the center of the plate.
IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?

EARLIER...
...THEN I FELT JUST LIKE A FIEND. IT WASN'T EVEN CLOSE TO HALLOWEEN.
IT WAS DARK AS #### ON THE STREETS. MY HANDS WERE ALL BLOODY FROM PUNCHIN' ON THE CONCRETE.
COTDANG, HOMIE, MY MIND IS PLAYIN' TRICKS ON ME.
NOT BAD BUT YOU'RE NO SCARFACE.
Oh, wait...
VERY FUNNY.
BUT LET'S GET BACK TO THE TASK AT HAND. GETTIN' PAID.
MERCENARY OF THE YEAR
WINNER WILL RECEIVE A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION AND TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH AND PRIZE
HEL-LO...
Two hundred K can buy a helluva lot'a Top Ramen.
ONE HOUR LATER...
THIS VITO'S A SMART FELLAH. SOUNDSTAGE BY DAY, SELF-STORAGE BY NIGHT. THE BEST ONES ARE ALWAYS THE MOST OBVIOUS.
VITO'S
SELF-STORAGE

HOWDY, FELLOWS.
DID HE JUST SAY "FELLOWS?"
There goes the badass entrance.
IS THIS WHERE THE AUDITIONS ARE BEING HELD?
CAN YA BELIEVE THEY BRING US ALL THE WAY OUT TO NEWARK TO DO THIS CRAP? TAKE A LOAD OFF, PAL. THEY'LL BE OUT SOON TO BRING US IN.
HEY, I KNOW YOU. YOU'RE DEADPOOL, RIGHT?
GEE, WHAT GAVE THAT AWAY?
YOU GOT QUITE A REP IN THE COMMUNITY, BROTHER. HELL, IF I KNEW YOU WERE COMING DOWN HERE, I WOULD'VE SAVED THE TRIP. YOU'RE A LEGEND.
LEGEND? I WOULDN'T GO THAT FAR...WHAT'S ONE DOWN FROM LEGEND?
WHY YOU LOOKIN' AT ME LIKE THAT?
LIKE WHAT?
THERE A PROBLEM?

From a New Master of the Living Dead

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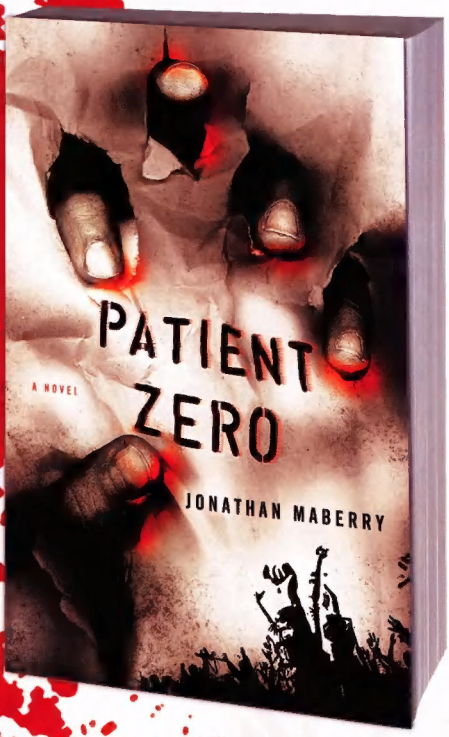
—JAMES ROLLINS, *NEW YORK TIMES* BESTSELLING AUTHOR OF *THE JUDAS STRAIN*



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WHY SHOULD THERE BE A PROBLEM?
I
DON'T
SHUK
KNOW.
URK
WHUK
JUST CALL IT A FEELING.

SHUNK
K-K-K-K-K-K
TOO SL--
--OW!
SHUNK
SHUNK
WHUMP
IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE?
CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP
WOW!

I HEARD YOU WERE *GOOD*, BUT DAMN! YOU MESSED THOSE GUYS UP! THAT WAS SOME SERIOUS BLACK OPS, NINJA "*KILL BILL*" #### RIGHT THERE.
CLAP CLAP CLAP
WHOA-WHOA-WHOA! DUDE! NO NEED TO POINT THAT THING--
START TALKING OR START DYING. *WHO* ARE YOU?
HEY. EASY, BRO. EASY. I WANNA *HIRE* YOU.
HIRE ME?
YEAH. HIRE YOU. IT'S NOT LIKE YOU'RE LISTED IN THE YELLOW PAGES OR ON CRAIGSLIST. I HAD TO GET CREATIVE.
SO I PUT TOGETHER THIS LITTLE SCENARIO.
THESE STIFFS-- THEY PART OF YOUR CREATIVITY, TOO?
W-WHAT?
THE PINHEADS WHOSE BRAINS ARE SPRAYED ALL OVER THE FLOOR--AND I HOPE YOU'RE IN GOOD WITH VITO'S 'CAUSE THAT STUFF DON'T COME OUT WITH NATURE'S MIRACLE. BELIEVE ME--I'VE TRIED.
THEY WERE JUST SUPPOSED TO ROUGH YOU UP, SEE IF YOU WERE AS BADASS AS THEY SAY. NO ONE WAS SUPPOSED TO GET HURT--
GUESS THAT DIDN'T GO AS PLANNED, HUH?
WELL... YEAH.

I-I THINK I CAN CLEAR THIS UP... IF Y-YOU'D KINDLY REMOVE THE GUN FROM MY H-HEAD. IT'S FREAKING ME OUT A LITTLE.
IT SHOULD. BABY'S GOT A HAIR TRIGGER.
SPILL IT.
I'M IN THE #### WITH THIS BOOKIE. A REAL BAD CAT. A COLD-BLOODED KILLER WHO'S THREATENED TO KILL MY WHOLE FAMILY--SECOND COUSINS, TOO--IF I DON'T GET HIM HIS MONEY.
SO, WHATTAYA WANT FROM ME?
THING IS, I JUST DON'T HAVE THAT TYPE OF DOUGH. THE U.S. MINT DOESN'T HAVE THAT KIND OF DOUGH.
I WANT TO HIRE YOU TO KILL THE SONOVABITCH. TO CHOP HIM UP INTO BITE-SIZED PIECES SO I CAN FEED HIM TO MY CATS.
YOU GOT SOME REAL ANGER ISSUES YOU NEED TO ADDRESS, SON.
W-WHAT'RE YOU DOING?
HOPING I CAN GET A CAB TO COME TO NEWARK. THANKS FOR WASTING MY TIME, KID.
WAIT. WAIT. DID YOU HEAR ME? I'LL PAY YOU!
BUH-BYE.
I'LL PAY YOU A HALF MILLION CASH!
AND ANOTHER HALF-MIL WHEN THE JOB IS COMPLETED.

WHERE ARE YOU GONNA GET THAT TYPE OF CABBAGE, KID?
MY MONTHLY ALLOWANCE. AND MY TRUST FUND. MY OLD MAN'S LOADED. HE'S A BILLIONAIRE. FAMILY MONEY. ACTUALLY, MY GREAT-GREAT GRANDFATHER INVENTED RUBBER.
HE INVENTED *RUBBER?*
YEAH. HE WAS A "RUBBER BARON."
WELL, I OWE GRANDPA ONE. THAT'S FOR SURE.
HUH?
NOTHING. SO WHY NOT ASK YOUR POP FOR THE MONEY?
HE WON'T GIVE IT TO ME. THINKS I GOT A-- GET THIS--"*GAMBLING PROBLEM.*" YOU KNOW HOW PARENTS ARE.
WAY I SEE IT: YOU'VE ALREADY PROVEN YOU'RE NOT INTO PAYING YOUR DEBTS. THING ABOUT ME: I WON'T GO AFTER YOUR FOLKS--I WILL, HOWEVER, SLICE YOU UP AND DUNK YA INTO A TANK OF LEECHES, AND I'M BEING EXTREMLY LITERAL...I GOT LEECHES.
TRUST ME. I GET IT. I GET IT.
LOOK, MR. DEADPOOL, SIR. I'M *GONNA* PAY YOU. I KNOW WHAT YOU'D DO TO ME IF I DON'T. AND HOW 'BOUT THIS: IF YOU WANT, USE ME AS COLLATERAL. HOLD ME AS RANSOM. MY OLD MAN WILL PAY YOU ANYTHING YOU ASK.
YOU THINKING WHAT I'M THINKING?
Smokey and The Bandit marathon. Young Sally Fields with that new car smell. What a tuchus.
NO, I MEAN, WE KIDNAP THE PUNK!
Yeah! And cut off his ear to "Stuck In the Middle With You."

OW! WHAT'RE YOU DOING? THAT HURTS--
OH. UH. SORRY.
PLEASE! HE'S GONNA KILL MY FAMILY! PLEASE.
A MILLION DOLLARS. JUST THINK ABOUT WHAT YOU COULD DO WITH ALL THAT MONEY.
FINE. FINE. I'LL TAKE THE JOB. STOP WHINING.
THANK YOU! THANK YOU! I'LL TELL YOU EXACTLY WHERE HE LIVES. IT'LL BE A PIECE OF CAKE.
OKAY. JUST GET UP OFF THE FLOOR. AND ANSWER ME A QUESTION.
WHAT?
WHERE WOULD ONE BUY HIPPITY-HOPS IN BULK?

THAT NIGHT. HARLEM.
GRRRRR
SORRY. DIDN'T HAVE BREAKFAST.
CRRASHH!

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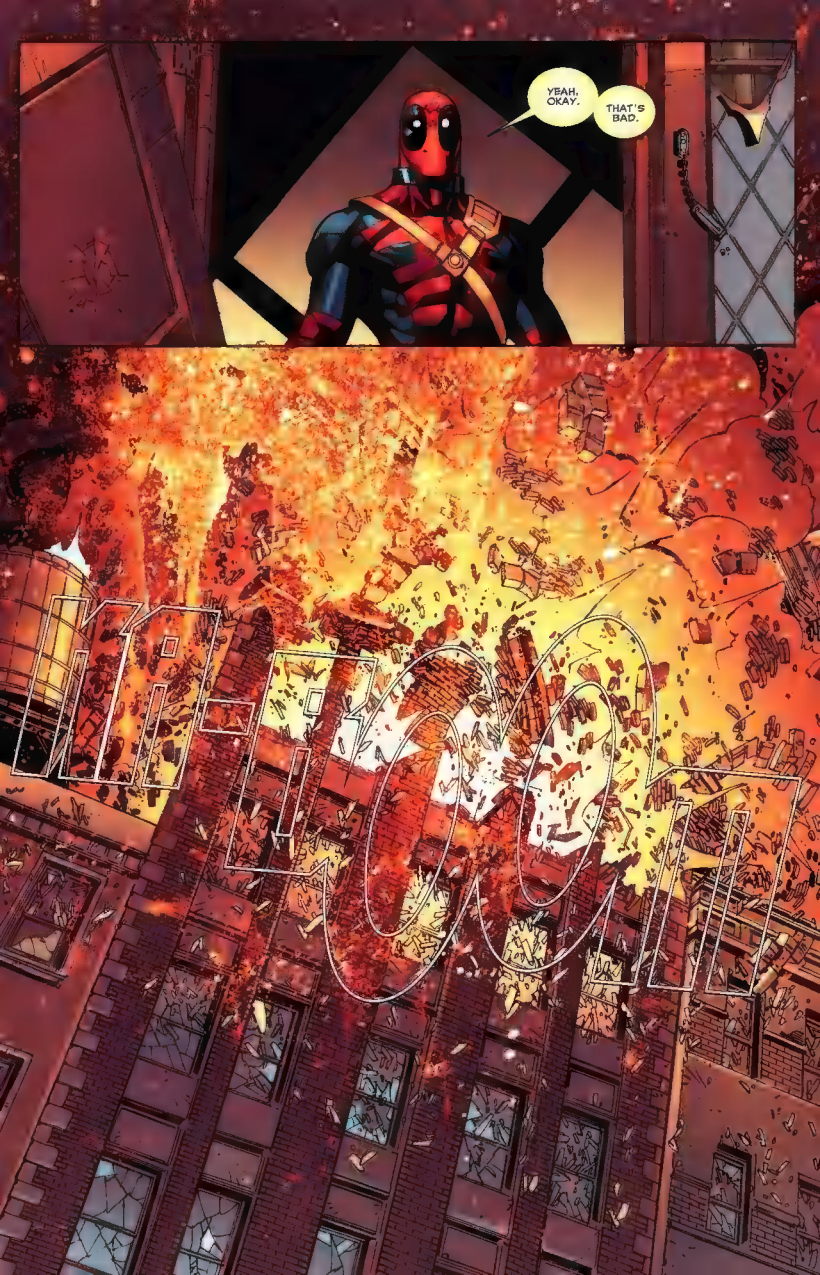
YEAH, OKAY.
THAT'S BAD.
KA-BOOM

KRASH
SON OF A--
AGHHHH!
EASY, GUY. I--
--DAMN.
HE'S GONE.
HEY! GET HELP! CALL 911 NOW! DO YOU HEAR ME?! DO IT!

HEY! PEOPLE ARE DYING HERE! DO YOU HEAR ME?!
YOU #?$%ING KIDDING ME?
VEEHOOWEEHOOWEEHOOWEEHOO
THAT LITTLE BASTARD'S GONNA PAY.

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WHERE'S THE KID? WHERE'S CONRAD?
W-W-WHO?
CONRAD? THE PUNK FROM YESTERDAY.
MEESTER, I GOT NO IDEA WHAT YOU TALKING 'BOUT.
DON'T SCREW WITH ME. THERE WERE BODIES ALL OVER THE JOINT-- A YOUNG MAN-- CONRAD--
I DIDN'T SEE NO BODIES. YOU WANNA SPEAK TO BOSS-- MR. VITO?
UM, OKAY. YOU CAN STAND UP NOW. SORRY 'BOUT THE PANTS.
I'M LOSING IT. I NEED TO CLEAR MY HEAD. COMPOSE MY THOUGHTS. GET CENTERED.
That's it.
YOU KNOW WHERE TO GO.

WOLVERINE VS. ST-RYFE
MESSIAH WAR
CABLE
#14
70 YEARS
MARVEL COMICS
MAY 2009

ANYTHING ELSE YOU'D LIKE?
KNOCKERS
I CAN THINK OF A COUPLE THINGS ACTUALLY...
Perv.
HOLD ON A SECOND...
YEAH, YEAH, I DO, I DO-- LET'S CONSUMATE THIS BAD BOY ALREADY.
'SCUSE ME? YOU ALRIGHT, HONEY?
YEAH...I'M GOOD.

DAMN, THAT $#?% WAS SEAMLESS! HOW'D YOU *DO* THAT?
SAME WAY THEY GET DEM! MOORE TO LOOK YOUNG. ***GREEN-SCREENS.*** MAN--THEY CAN DO ANYTHING WITH 'EM--PROBABLY EVEN MAKE ***YOU*** LOOK LIKE A MAN.
HA-HA.
OH, YOU DON'T LIKE THAT, CONRAD? I DON'T GIVE A &%$#. AS LONG AS YOUR BROKE-ASS ***OWES*** ME ENOUGH PAPER TO COVER THE NATIONAL DEBT, YOU BETTER GET A SENSE OF HUMOR--'CAUSE I AIN'T EVEN ***STARTED*** MOCKING YOU.
HOW'D YOU LOSE ALL THAT PAPER AGAIN? I NEVER GET SICK OF HEARING THAT STORY. SOMETHING ABOUT SHANTEE WILLIAMS, RIGHT...?
YOU KNOW THE STORY...

"SHANTEE WILLIAMS--STARTING FORWARD FOR THE NY KICKS AND RICHER THAN GOD--GETS INTO A SCUFFLE WITH A COUPLE BOUNCERS OUTSIDE SOME NIGHTCLUB, ALL 'CAUSE HE'S TOO CHEAP TO PAY THE DOOR FEE."
DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM, PUNKASS!?
"THINGS GET A LITTLE...HEATED.
"ELBOWS ARE THROWN.
THUD
HEY!
"PIZZA SLICES ARE DESTROYED.
"NOW, SHANTEE'S A BIG DUDE, BUT LET'S FACE IT, HE'S ALL THUNDER AND NO LIGHTNING."
WHATCHA LOOKIN' AT, FREAK? YOU WANT SOME?
HM. LET ME THINK THAT OVER...
YEAH.
SPLINCH
I DO.
"THAT'S WHERE THINGS TOOK A REAL NASTY TURN..."
OH NO YOU DI'NT!

SHIKT
HUH?
OH #*$$!
"ALL FIVE FINGERS ON HIS SHOOTING HAND."
'COURSE, SHANTEE WAS THE FRANCHISE, THE FUTURE, THE SECOND COMING.
HALF AN HOUR LATER, HE WAS LYING ON AN OPERATION TABLE, WITH A CRACK TEAM OF SURGEONS SEWING THOSE DIGITS RIGHT BACK ON. ALL HUSH-HUSH, OF COURSE.
"AND A WEEK LATER HE WAS BACK ON THE COURT. A MIRACLE, RIGHT?"
SHANTEE WILLIAMS GOES STRONG TO THE HOOP...
OH! OFF THE RIM! AGAIN!
KICKS 78
76ERS 80
BUZZZZ!
"WRONG."
I BET THE FARM ON THAT GAME. EVERYTHING.

YEAH, WELL, FATE'S A BITCH. BOO-#########-HOO.
ALL I KNOW IS I *WANT* MY *MONEY* OR YOUR ASS IS GONNA BE BURIED RIGHT NEXT TO JIMMY HOFFA.
HEY! WE GOT A BET STILL, TOMBSTONE. AND AFTER I WIN, I AIN'T GONNA OWE YOU JACK.
DEADPOOL GOT ME INTO THIS FIX--AND HE'S GONNA GET ME OUT. GUY'S HARDCORE. I SAW WHAT HE DID TO YOUR BOYS--
YOU BEST HOPE THAT'S THE CASE, SON. OTHERWISE, YOU'RE GONNA OWE ME *DOUBLE*. AND I'M GOING TO DO A LITTLE... *INCENTIVIZING* TO MAKE SURE YOU COME THROUGH, KNOW WHAT I MEAN?
YEAH, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE SAYING.
ISN'T THERE ANYTHING ELSE ON? THEY KEEP REPLAYING THIS DAMN STORY.
WHY DON'TCHA MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL AND GET US SOME LUNCH. I'M THINKING ROSCOE'S CHICKEN AND WAFFLES.
AGAIN?
HEY, WHEN I OWE *YOU* MILLIONS, *YOU* CAN CALL THE FOOD.
AND DON'T FORGET THE HOT SAUCE OR YOU'RE GOIN' BACK!

...A MALICIOUS ACT OF DESTRUCTION THAT CAN ONLY BE DESCRIBED AS TERRORISM.
THERE ISN'T MUCH INFORMATION ON THE SUBJECT RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS ACT, EXCEPT FOR HIS NAME: DEADPOOL.
A MERCENARY WHO SELLS HIS SERVICES TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER AND WHO, UP UNTIL THIS POINT IN TIME, HAS OPERATED IN THE SHADOWS: A MAN WHO HAS NOW BECOME PUBLIC ENEMY NUMBER ONE.
WITH LOCAL LAW ENFORCEMENT WORKING IN CONCERT WITH THE F.B.I. IN AN UNPRECEDENTED NATIONAL MANHUNT, THE MAYOR HAS ASSURED THE PUBLIC THAT IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE CULPRIT IS BROUGHT TO JUSTICE.

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